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OF THE ALWAYS RK

Robert Kelly
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Bard

OF THE ALWAYS

Part One

**The always
on your hands**

are in your hands,

the lost grammar pf Gan Eden

a language made exclusively of pronouns

**and the names of things
were still asleep.**

Part Two

**The advantages of blundering
midnight beneath the streets of the forests**

cloacal cathedral

**stained glass translucent leaves
because they fell**

**and the trees' amber ruin be
fine spectacle**

leaf veins of innocence.

Part Three

**As if a window on a falcon
open the way
light lures citizens
by surfaces to sin**

**swim slide glide
sunwards into the Danger**

**I hear the radiants
talking to me**

at least I think it's me.

Part Four

Indecisive disclosure

**a mind without a zipper
the purse-seine savages the sea**

**and there were words in it
this time, Antietam,
bone,
this time Actium**

never now.

History is a lizard basking in the sun.

Part Five

**Each part
the history of the whole world**

**each line
an epic**

**a movie in 4-D
waiting for the aisles to clear
when angels
saunter by to sell
those special cigarettes—**

**you have to see them,
it's not enough to listen to me,**

**the fives are strife
of one color or another,**

**the girl has a sword
clutched between her knees**

**it's as real as a cartoon
a word's a proffer
invest in it**

**a word's a door
yank it open and disappear.**

Part Six

The evidence accumulates.

**Sun on the terrace
on a different planet
we have not yet organized.**

**When you get worried
recite Saint Paul:
Do not accommodate
yourself to the system
but renew the way you think**

**and then he's young again
old house new skin
badminton court out back
two maidens clad in white**

a flying shuttlecock.

Part Seven

**Because it still is there
it still is them.**

**In the movie nothing moves
but colored light—**

**everything you think you see
is me.**

**And Pilate wept
his wife clutched her temples
the Sabbath crept upon them
wrapped in ignorance
to give them ease.**

Give them peace.

Part Eight

If only I could sing that
purple kaddish for the living

but none of the words
taught me tune—

the always
was still waiting

still heavy on my palms
fruit overripe

here, I give it to you
sir or madam on the other star

I mean coming down the stairs.

Part Nine

Equivalence is all—

find something you're equal to
and sleep with it

where else could dreams come from
or come true?

And when I say you it's art I mean.
who else would put up with my prattle?

You were on an island in the Indies
reluctant to be

O be there not

but it's hard to leave
a place you aren't really at.

Part Ten

Verbum ut pictura

**See through what I say
to what it is saying,**

**tell me to tell you
a wider story,
one with monsters in it
things to look at
but bel repair,**

**a mother who grew
flowers from her secret places
and you have to understand**

**because I don't,
I'm just an ambassador from the night**

**making girlish scribbles
in my father's ledger book**

some words intruding on your breath.

1 September 2014